

## Pandemic Swim

Prince George's premier sporting complex  
Typically stages mass tournaments and trainings.  
But not today,  
As we visited, small family of four.  
Greeted at the door and guided by the floor  
Through vaulted angling teal and orange architecture,  
Bright noise silenced,  
We picked our way through empty locker rooms  
Cleaned and kept straight  
To a warm pool as it always is:  
Sunlight seeping through south facing floor-to-ceiling windows.  
No others reveling, our boys eyed the smooth waters;  
We prodded for tiptoe entry,  
No exemplary safety demonstrations,  
Our words only guarantee.  
The vacant space kept for us, as many lifeguards as our party—  
It would be an ideal complex to stage pandemic response,  
And we were there to swim in warm water.  
It had been kept for us like some giant Soviet pool for show.  
Had we been the only ones to sign up for the time slot?  
We warmed as we waded and forgot the awkwardness  
Of it all, children are natural ice breakers no matter how thick—  
We were lost in time and the pleasures of being together,  
We played under relaxing watch,  
The world reeling outside;  
We enjoyed quiet gurgles of an empty pool.  
Our slotted time ended; we discovered disconnected  
Showers, so we hastily dressed and left the swallowing  
Monument to movement, where not a soul visited while we did.  
We walked to our car and drove home.